A dainty new Ditty of a Saylor and his Love,
How one the others constancy did prove;
Wherein is shown the Sea-mans constant mind,
Though at first he seem'd to her unkind.
To a pleasant Sea-faring Tune.

Maid.

My only love, th'rt welcom to the shore, more,
Thy absence long shall grieve my heart no
Since thou art come thou must with me remain,
And not as yet go to the Seas again.

Man.

Content thy self my dear, make no more strife,
I am resolved to lead a single life:
I have a Voyage for to take in hand,
Which fits my humour better then the Land.

Maid.

Cast Anchor here, this Harbour shall be thine,
In Hymens Bands we will together join;
So shall I shelter thee from all annoy,
The Tydes of Love shall be thy safe Convoy.

Man.

Great Neptune gave my mind such sweet con-(tent,
That I think time at Sea far better spent;
The Land to me brings grief and sad annoys,
The Ocean yields a multitude of joys.

Maid.

Instead of storms, and blustering blasts at Seas,
Thou shalt with safety rest, and take thine ease,
Nor shalt thou watch by night in dangers deep,
Sweet Madrigals shall rock my Love asleep.

Man.

The lusty Ship in which I mean to go,
Dares to encounter with the proudest Foe,
And when the bouncing Cannons bark apace,
Then must I look my Enemies in the face.

Maid.

My bed shall be the ship wherein thou shalt sail,
My breath shall also be the pleasant Gale;
My strong affections and infolded arms,
Shall be the Fort to keep thee from all harms.

Man.

My trusty Cutlets and Musket still shall be,
The only refuge of defence for me:
My diet shall be Beef and Bisket bread,
My Cabin shall suffice to hold my head.

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Maid.

THou shalt not need to fear th' pagans power,
Which daily seek good Christians to devour
Quicksands nor any other dangers shall,
Procure my death, to work my loves downfall.

Man.

Bellona's bluttering shot gives me delight,
When as the Enemies appear in sight?
The ratling Drum, and the melodious Fife,
Bring comfort to a valiant Sea-mans life.

Maid.

Instead of Drums and ratling Puskets sound,
Which turbs the air, & makes the sea rebound,
Harps, Lutes, & citterns shall most sweetly play
And Flowers green shall crown thy head with bay.

Man.

What though the sight be tedious to endure,
When all is ended, then shall we be sure,
To be refresh't, for we to prayers fall,
And heartily we give God thanks for all.

Maid.

Thy mean attire, & cloathing stain'd with pitch,
Shall be exchang'd for Gold and Silver rich;
The choicest that for money can be bought,
Shall (for thy sake) both far & near be sought.

Man.

My cloaths with pitch although they stained be,
They are the Garments that contenteth me,
The gayest Robes cannot the same excel,
Nor shall they please my fancy half so well.

Maid.

All pleasure correspondent to thy mind,
Shall be performd, if I the same can find;
and when thou hast the thing that likes thee best
Then shall I think my self most safe at rest.

Man.

My love is fixt upon the bounding Main,
The Labyrinth of the Earth shall not obtain,
My company; for why, I mean to have,
The Sea my wife, & therein make my grave.

Maid.

O let the knot which no man can unty,
Be quickly knit betwixt my Love and I,
Whereby all men may understand and prove,
The firm affection of a Maidens love.

Man.

Let this suffice for all, and say no more,
I'le never wed whilst I remain on shore,
In vain it is for you thus to complain,
I single am, and so I will remain.

Maid. (wel,

Why then dear love ten thousand times fare-
My life is spent, go toll my passing-Bell,
Let all forsaken Maids lament my death,
Love is the cause for which I lose my breath.

Man.

Nay stay sweet-heart, 'twas only for to try,
Thy love to me, and faithful constancy;
And now I find thou dost both say and hold
I will not leave thee for rich Crœsus gold.

Maid.

My love (quoth she) then use no more delay,
I long desire to see that happy day:
That our hearts may be no longer twain,
But linkt in Love, and so for aye remain.

FINIS.

London, Printed for John Wright, next to the Globe in Little-Brittain.